My Hair Story – The life of Mine

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August 12, 2024

Hair, as usual with my silly topics, is another one of those. But this topic is quite special to me because of my unique hair. My hair has a different texture and thickness. A single strand of my hair is as thick as coconut fiber, unlike other girls' hair textures. I wish I could share a picture to show you. I have no idea where I got this gene from; even my cousins Angel akka and Margreat akka have long and dense hair, but not the same texture as mine. Still, people are attracted to my hair. I have many good and bad memories associated with it.

Let me start with my parents. My mother very rarely, very, very rarely, used to comb my hair. Until I was in 2nd or 3rd grade, my father used to comb my hair, and then I started doing it myself. Initially, I thought my mother wasn't interested due to her work pressure

since she would leave for work at 7 in the morning. Later, I found out that she, like many women, loved her hair but lost it gradually because of her job at a medicine company. She never showed any jealousy towards us but simply wasn't interested in my hair. I never expected her to comb my hair, and thankfully, I never saw her combing any other girl's hair, so it didn't affect me much😌. It just gave me something to think about.

A Haircut Tragedy

Then there was my father. Once, during 4th grade, I had a tragic moment when he took me to get a haircut and had my hair cut short, like a boy's. I was crying and saying, "I believed you more than Jesus and came with you, but you cut all my hair." It's funny to me now😄, but back then, I was very fond of my hair.

Growing My Hair Out

After that incident, they let me grow my hair. For nearly four years, I never cut it. It grew long and dense, so much so that I could cover my whole body with it when it was loose. It would take half a day to dry. During my 8th grade vacation, I asked a friend to trim my hair. She was talking to her boyfriend on the phone with one hand while cutting my hair with the other😏. My hair was about two and a half feet long with high density. She divided it into three parts and cut the first part diagonally up to my neck without me noticing. To match it, she left the center part long and cut the third part in a V shape, but it ended up a mess😓. Only the center part was long, while the left and right sides were cut to my neckline. We were using normal scissors, and unfortunately, my appa came home during his break and saw us struggling. He bought us a new, medium-sized pair of scissors.

After she realized the cutting was uneven, she left me. I sensed something was wrong when I felt how light my hair was. When amma came home, she saw me crying and I explained what happened😳. She informed appa, who then arranged for a barber to come to our home to even it out. The barber ended up cutting the remaining hair, leaving me with a boy cut within one day. I was really frustrated and didn't know where to direct my anger😣. I was shouting and crying at my mother and father. My father just said, "More than your hair, you have your own physical problems, but you're crying over just hair." My mother told him not to say that😞.

For the next three to four months, I used a scarf to cover my head😓. People kept asking why I was wearing a scarf. Eventually, my hair grew back but not to its previous length. While other students in my school wore two braids, I had to wear a ponytail. In 9th grade, our uniforms changed to a skirt, shirt, and blazer. While other students wore two braids with black ribbons, I wore a single ponytail, which looked odd with the uniform🤩. Some of my senior akkas were fond of my hair and ponytail😁. Before that, when my boy cut grew to half-neck length, I used to wear a half-pony. Around that time, the Telugu movie "Badrinath" was released, and my classmates teased me by saying I had the same hairstyle as the hero, Allu Arjun😅.

College Hair Journey

Until my final year of college, I never cut my hair. I was very fond of it and often styled it with front bangs during my college days. My hair had a huge following among my school and college friends, even among my lecturers, especially my first-year college advisor, Anitha mam😃. I still have my college slam book where most of the girls mentioned my hair. I took great care of it, despite having severe dandruff issues. My hair remained healthy with no hair fall, although I had some gray hairs, which never bothered me much. I would rarely trim half an inch🙂↕️.

A Hair Loss Struggle

During my final year, I had a minor accident that took months to recover from. After that, my hair started falling out heavily. I was so scared that I thought I had cancer😱. I even stopped washing and combing my hair, but it continued falling from the root. I cried and tried numerous remedies😮💨. Pradee still teases me about this because I was so frustrated . I had a huge love for my hair and thought it was the only healthy part of my life. And obviously, a girl's love for her hair is huge, right? Within two months, I lost almost all my hair, with only finger-sized strands left😔. Once again, I started covering my hair with a shawl. Unexpectedly, we had a meeting with the principal and her family. During that time, aunty advised me not to feel self-conscious and to stop covering my head😕.

During that time, amma helped me overcome the tragedy🙂. After two months, my hair began to grow back, little by little, like it does after a mottai (shaving)😅. We eventually realized that the antibiotics I took for my accident had affected my hair. I remember having hair like a boy's, with tiny lengths as it grew back. I thought I would never get my old hair back. From then on, I stopped caring about my hair's growth or loss😑. I couldn't regain the old density, but I still had my unique hair texture😉. My fondness for hair faded .

During the period of hair loss, I used all my favorite small clips. Because of my hair's density, I couldn't use small clips or do many hairstyles, and hairbands would quickly lose their elasticity😂. During that time, I used all my favorite clips, especially the Kushi hairpins. I then started cutting my own hair—front bangs, feather cuts, and whatever else I felt like😊. Sometimes, I would cut my hair every two months or even monthly. My limit was that if I sat down and my hair reached my butt, I would cut it😁. Very Initially, I started cutting my hair out of frustration, especially when I was fighting with my friends 😅and things went wrong. Now, cutting my hair has become a source of comfort for me☺.

Finally

Hair fall is a very common issue that many people face, but we shouldn't let it bother us too much. Just like nails, hair is just hair. Giving advice is easy, but hair does mold our look. Try as much as possible to maintain it, but once you reach the point where it's done, just be done with it. There are many other things that make us beautiful. We are all still beautiful with or without hair. Every human goes through this phase of life. Some might

not be bothered, while others might spend a lot of money and care on it. “Hair is just hair.” I have reached that point. If you really love your hair, don’t get too attached to it. It might fall out soon or change color. Just go with the flow…💛

“Hair is just hair. Love it, but don’t get too attached. Embrace change and go with the flow.”

-Evelin